

S O M E
Select P S A L M S
O F
D A V I D

Turn'd a-new into *Metre*,
And Suited to the common Tunes Sung
in Parish Churches:

With a Divine *Pindarique* Ode
On The
Redemption of Man.

By *Charles Wormington, Gent.*

Dublin, Printed for *Matthew Gunn*
at the *Bible and Crown* near *Essex-*
Gate, 1697.



TO THE READER.

A Midst the bold *Attempts* of those who try
To give the *Psalms* new Turns of Poetry
I, in the *Lists*, thus venture to rush in;
Not that I think I shall the Lawrel win;
Or, in the *Front* with others, Equal shew,
(For ah! too well my want of Skill I know)
But with the *Brave*, to manifest my Zeal,
And best *Affections* for *Wit's Common-Weal*;
T'oppose at once my *Pen*, and tempt my *Fate*,
With Learned *Patrick*, *Stearne*, and artful *Tate*,
Against th' united Force of those who try
T'invade its *Province* with loose *Ribauldry*.

Where, while some *lofty*, some too *humble* be,
The middle Flight shall be observ'd by me,
Lest should the *Fancy*, soaring it too high,
Be undiscern'd by every *Vulgar Eye*;
Or, by too feebly striking on the Ground,
In it's bright native *Beauties* fully'd found.

To raise *Devotion* then shall be my Aim;
Nor can I want *Expression* from the *Thence*,
Whereby each treated *Palate* may be pleas'd;
If not too dull, or yet too nicely rais'd;
Nor grossly prejudic'd, by tasting long
The fulsome Mixtures of *Lampoon* and *Song*.

To the Reader.

For how alas ! are all Things now cry'd down,
That are not luscious made to suit the Town ;
Where no loose smutty *Jests* in view are plac'd,
To quicken and monopolize the *Taste* :
For (like the French) tho ne're so rich or new,
'Tis not allow'd a Feast without *Ragoo*.

Yet in each *Draught* should I so fail of Art,
As not t' affect the *Soul*, engage the *Heart* ;
To mount them Heaven-ward, with Devotion
fir'd,

From whence our Royal *Prophet* was inspir'd,
(As well I may suspect my self I shall)
Who can keep up to the *Original* ?
For 'tis a *Work* so exquisitely fine,
None e're can reach it but a *Pen Divine*.

Some *Paraphrase* I'll use, but such as may
Not run too far the Sacred *Text* astray :
For such are the stiff *Laws* of peevish *Rhyme*,
We must obey, tho' against *Sense* a *Crime*.

Each *Art* and *Science* has it proper *Dress* ;
Nor must Majestick *Poetry* have less :
Soft *Turns*, illustrious *Epithets*, and *Strains*
of *State*,

With crowding *Fancies*, suitable and great,
Are what on it's Triumphant *Measures* wait.

But here, my *Muse*, in a less awful *Stile*,
From such bright *Modes of Pomp*, retires a while ;
She humbly shuns that Lustre they would give ;
Nor stands she now on her *Prerogative* :

To the Reader.

In *plain and easy Terms*, Sh' essays to prove
Her highest value for the *Vulgar's Love*,
And fix their thoughts on nobler things above

Where if I find Success attends her *Art*,
And by her *Charms* she' has gain'd to Heaven
their *Heart*,

I shall not then repent me what I've done,
But wish in the Good *Work*, I'de farther gone.

Select

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Psalms:

1	
5	<i>Penitential - One.</i>
6	<i>First. 6</i>
15	
30	
32	<i>Second of . . . pen. - 32</i>
38	<i>Third. of . . . pen. 30</i>
42	
51	<i>Fourth of the pen. . 51</i>
67	
82	
90	
95	
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102	<i>Fifth of the . . . pen. - 102.</i>
116	
130	<i>Sixth of the pen. . 130</i>
133	
134	
137	
141	
143	<i>Seventh & last of the</i>
145	<i>penitential ones - 143</i>
150	

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Select PSALMS.

Psalm I.

1 **B**lest is the Man that is not led
 By such as Wicked are ;
 Nor stands in Sin confirm'd, or hath
 Possess'd the Scorners Chair.

2 But in th' Almighty's Laws Divine
 Hath plac'd his sole Delight ;
 Whereon his grave religious Thoughts
 Are fixt both Day and Night.

3 He shall be like that Tree which does,
 By a fresh Stream appear ;
 whose Branches, press'd with cluster'd Fruit,
 Still crown the smiling Year.

Whose Leaf, whose fair delightful Shade
 Shall ever verdant last ;
 And thus on whatsoe're Heaven smiles,
 Shall no Misfortunes blast.

4 But such is not their prosp'rous State
 Who have their God declin'd ;
 They, but as empty Chaff, appear,
 That's scatter'd by the Wind.

B

5 Whose

Psalm I.

5 **W**hose Courage, when to Judgment call'd,
Shall fail, when they have found
They are at length those Joys depriv'd,
Wherewith the Just are Crown'd.

6 **F**or on the Righteous are, O Lord,
Thy Eyes still fixt with Care;
Whilst Sinners perish in their Course,
Are plung'd into Despair.

Psalm 5.

- 1 **T**o my Complaints, Almighty Lord,
Incline thy ever-gracious Ear ;
- 2 For unto thee my King ! my God !
I humbly will direct my Prayer.
- 3 In her Devotions even shall
My active Soul still early be ;
And unto none for help look up,
Or supplicate on Earth but Thee.
- 4 For Thou, bright God ! art ever pure ;
Nor do'st in wickedness delight ;
Neither shall any Evil long
Continue to offend thy sight.
- 5 The foolish and the giddy Thou
Shalt from thy glorious Presence drive ;
Nor suffer those before Thee Stand,
Who mischief in their Hearts contrive.
- 6 On those shall thy sharp Judgments fall,
Who pleasure take in spreading Lies ;
Nor even they escape, just Lord !
Who bloody Stratagems devise.
- 7 But as for me, I'll now, O God,
To thy bright holy Courts repair ;
And with a thankful Heart aloud,
Thy everlasting Love declare,

- 8 Be therefore Thou, O Lord, my Guide,
Lest peradventure I should stray ;
And to my Foes occasion give
T'entrap me in my' ungarded Way.
- 9 For there's no Faith alas! in those,
Whose wicked Hearts conceive a Wrong ;
Who, tho their Lips be smooth as Oyl,
Have yet a Poyson in their Tongue.
- 10 But Thou, O righteous Judge! shalt soon
Them in their Villanies surprise ;
And unto Condemnation bring,
Who in Rebellion 'gainst thee rise.
- 11 Whilst They, who in thy Mercy Trust,
To Thee their gratefull Hearts shall raise ;
And for the Kindness Thou hast shown,
In Triumph celebrate thy Praise.
- 12 For on the Righteous, thy own Lot,
Shall, Lord, thy Blessings still descend ;
Whom with thy Favour, and thy Love,
Thou do'st as with a shield defend.

Being the First of the Penitential Ones.

- 1 **C**orrect me not in Anger, Lord,
Thou Chastisements are due ;
Nor in thy fiercest Wrath too far
My hateful Crimes pursue.
- 2 But here (while press'd beneath thy Hand,
Thus weakn'd with my Groans)
O let thy Love those Pains allay,
VWhich run through all my Bones.
- 3 My Soul alas ! with dread is struck,
Of what's already past ;
How long will therefore, mighty Lord !
Thy raging Fury last ?
- 4 O turn Thee, turn Thee, Thou that art
My Soul's offended God ;
And for thy Mercies sake lay by
Thy sharp afflicting Rod.
- 5 For lo ! in the forgetful Grave,
where all things silent be,
who can, dread Lord ! thy Praises sing,
Or once remember Thee.

- 6 Through constant Mourning, Lord, behold !
My Body feeble wears ;
In Sighs it with the Day consumes ;
At Night dissolves in Tears.
- 7 Though Grief my wonted Beauty fades ;
Thus wasted is my State,
Occasion'd even now by those
Who my Destruction wait.
- 8 But hence, mistaken Sinners ! hence,
The Lord regards my Cries ;
- 9 And to my humble Suit at length
His gracious Ear applies.

1 **V**V Ho is, O Lord, the Man that shall
 VWithin thy Courts abide ;
 Or on thy ever-sacred Mount,
 VWith thy blest Saints reside.

2 Ev'n He whose Ways are uncorrupt,
 Whose Feet uprightly tread ;
 Nor is, through Fear to speak the Truth.
 Against his Conscience led.

3 Who hath not acted with Deceit,
 Or done his Neighbour wrong ;
 Nor vile Detraction e're hath made
 Th' Employment of his Tongue.

4 Who such, as in their Sins persist,
 Contemns, and only those,
 Who fear the Lord, and act what's just,
 Respect and Honour shews,

VWho ne're equivocates, or does
 Of Falsities allow ;
 Nor yet, tho' to his Loss it proves,
 E're violates his Vow.

5 VWho sets not out to sordid Use
 VWhat e're he lends the Poor ;
 Nor to commit Things base, is One
 VWhom glitt'ring Bribes allure.

This

This is, O Lord, that happy Man
Who on thy Hill shall rest;
Unshaken through thy Favour stand,
Shall be for ever blest.

1 **I**N Thy eternal Praise, shall, Lord,
My Soul lift up her voice ;
Who o're me hast not made my Foes
In Triumph to rejoyce.

2 When in Distress on thee I call'd,
Thy Mercy did not fail ;
But, as a kind Physician, Thou
Did'st my Distempers heal.

3 Thy Love it was alone, which me
For happier Ends reserv'd ;
And from the dark forgetful Grave
My sinking Soul preserv'd.

4 Sing then unto the Lord ye Saints,
In Hymns your Loves express ;
And let it in Remembrance be,
Of his bright Holiness.

5 Whose Frowns are of so short a date,
VVe scarce his Kindness miss ;
And in whose Favour lies contain'd
The Soul's eternal Bliss.

Thô Sorrow for a Night may last,
And we afflicted mourn ;
Yet soon with the next Morning's Light,
Our absent Joys return. C When

- 6 When in Prosperity I liv'd,
Enjoy'd my worldly All;
Thus I, o Lord, began to boast,
That I shou'd never fall.
- 7 But ah! as soon as Thou withdrew,
Thy Favours didst revoke;
I to my Cost was then convinc'd
How foolishly I spoke.
- 8 But lo! to Thee, my slighted God,
I flew for timely Aid;
And thus before thy Majesty,
My Case right humbly laid.
- 9 " What Profit is there in my Blood,
Should it thy Wrath appease?
" How shall the Dust, most mighty Lord!
Thy Excellencies Praise?
- 10 " In Mercy to my fervent Suit,
Bow down thy gracious Ear;
" Be Thou alone my blest Support,
Remove my present Fear.
- 11 Then into new Delights were all
My gloomy Sorrows turn'd;
And thou, my God, being reconcil'd,
My Soul no longer mourn'd.

Psalm XXXII.

11

Being the Second of the Penitential Ones.

- 1 **B**lest is, O Lord, that Man whom Thou
Beholdest from above ;
Whose Faults thy Justice have escap'd ;
Are cover'd by thy Love.
- 2 For surely now, as such, we may
That happy Person stile ;
To whom the Lord imputes no Sin,
In whom there is no Guile.
- 3 When I, tho' conscious of my Guilt,
Had not my Crimes confess :
How strongly was, O Lord, my Mind
With Terrours then possess'd ?
- 4 So hot was, Lord, thine Anger which
My Sins did then inflame ;
That soon, like Earth in Summer parch'd,
My wasted Flesh became.
- 5 But when before Thee I appear'd,
A just Confession made ;
How ready wert Thou to forgive,
And was thy Wrath allay'd !
- 6 Thus shall each speedy Penitent,
Who does his Sins forsake,
Thy timely Mercy find, nor shall
The Clouds his Soul ore-take.

7 For

- 7 For Thou, great God ! from threatning Ills
Art still a sure Defence ;
VVhom therefore in my Songs I'll praise
For my Deliverance.
- 8 You who to Happiness would steer,
Come now and learn of me ;
I will direct you in your Course,
Your skilful Pilot be.
- 9 O be not therefore as a Mule,
Or like an untam'd Horse ;
VVhose head-strong Tempers will not brook
The Curb of Reasons Force.
- 10 For such, just Lord ! Thy strokes shall feel,
VVho are so brutish found ;
But they, who Thee obey, shall be
VVith thy chief Blessings crown'd.
- 11 Rejoyce ye then who fear the Lord,
In Triumph praise his Name ;
And let such Exultations still
Your fervent Loves proclaim.

Psalms XXXVIII.

13

Being the Third of the Penitential Ones.

- 1 **O** Do not Thou in Anger, Lord,
Too far my hainous Sins pursue;
Nor on me in thy Wrath inflict
Those sharper Judgments that are due.
- 2 For in me lo! Thine Arrows stick,
Through wilful Breach of Thy Command;
That almost crush'd to Death I lye
Beneath the Pressure of thy Hand.
- 3 No Soundness in my Flesh appears,
Such hath thy late Displeasure been;
Nor even Rest unto my Bones,
By reason of my raging Sin.
- 4 So numerous are alas! my Crimes,
So dreadful is my present Fear;
That sunk beneath them, Lord, I can
Their heavy weight no longer bear.
- 5 Corrupt and stinking are my Wounds;
Thus for my Wickedness I pay:
- 6 And thus in Trouble I am brought,
As one in Mourning spend the Day.
- 11 Nor here determinate my Griefs,
Rais'd, Lord, by thy correcting Hand;
My Friends ev'n shun me as a Plague,
And at a distance gazing stand.

13 But

- 13 But lo! as one that's deaf I appear;
As silent too, as one that's dumb,
I open not, O Lord, my mouth,
14 Or chafe when e're my Sorrows come.
- 15 For yet in Thee remains my Trust;
On whom with Patience I thus wait:
And sure I am, Thou, Lord, wilt hear
The Cryes of my afflicted State,
- 22 Haste then, Good God / unto my Aid,
My weak and needy State look on;
For Thou alone art my Support!
My Comfort! my Salvation!

1 **A**S the chas'd Hart with eager Thirst
 Wou'd at the VVaters be ;
 VVith such Desire, o Lord, inflam'd,
 My Soul pants after Thee.

2 For Thee, ev'n doth, bright God ! my Soul
 With fervent Passion burn ;
 Expecting when to thy lov'd Courts,
 I shall again return.

3 My Tears are but my thin Repasts,
 While Men thus me upbraid ;
 And in a Seoff cry, where's thy God ?
 VVhere's now thy boasted Aid ?

4 For, Lord, unbounded are my Grievs,
 To think on those blest Days,
 VVhen throng'd, I to the Temple went
 To celebrate thy Praise.

5 But why art thou so sad, my Soul !
 And are thy Joys allay'd ?
 O ! why is now, my better Part,
 Become at length dismay'd ?

God still is thy Support, in whom
 Fail not thy Trust to place ;
 For lo ! his Name thou yet shalt praise,
 For his Returns of Grace.

Being

Being the Fourth of the Penitential Ones.

1 **I**N Mercy here, do Thou, o God,
My guilty State survey ;
And of thy never-failing Love,
Wipe all my Sins away.

2 O! wash my vile polluted Soul
from each offensive Stain ;
That in thy Presence, Lord, it may
appear for ever clean.

3 To Thee, ah ! my offended God !
I all my Crimes confess :
Who Day and Night still haunted am,
With my foul Wickedness.

4 Thee only have I sinn'd against,
Ev'n I, who am but Dust,
And should I be condemn'd, yet Thou
Remainst for ever just.

5 Of Sin, behold, o Lord ! I am
A wretched Compound made ;
In Sin my Mother brought me forth,
In Sin I was conceiv'd.

6 Whilst Thee in nothing better pleas'd,
O righteous God ! we find,
Than in Man's inward Purity,
His Uprightness of Mind.

7 But

7 But when with Hysope once I'm purg'd,
I shall unspotted shew;
Correct in all my inner Parts,
And be more white than Snow.

8 With joys possess'd shall then my Soul,
Resume her tuneful Voice;
And even all my shatter'd Bones,
In God their Strength Rejoice.

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My guilty State survey ;
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Wipe all my Sins away.
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I will my Crimes confess :
Who, Day and Night still haunted am,
With my soul Wickedness.
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Resume her tuneful Voice ;
And even all my shatter'd Bones,
In God their Strength Rejoice.

1 **B**less (we beseech Thee) Gracious Lord!
 The People who be thine;
 And through their gloomy Nature let
 Thy radiant Beauty shine.

2 That all the rude and untaught World,
 Where such thy Mercies flow,
 May, through the Brightness of thy Face,
 Their great Salvation know.

3 To Thee, aloud let Mankind, Lord,
 Their holy joys proclaim;
 And in exalted Hymns of Praise
 Set forth thy Glorious Name.

4 O let the Nations, touch'd with Love,
 Thy lasting Goodness Sing;
 VWho art their Righteous Governor!
 Their Lord! their mighty King!

5 To Thee aloud, let mankind, Lord,
 Their holy Joys proclaim;
 And in exalted Hymns of Praise
 Set forth thy glorious Name.

6 Then shall, o then, the teeming Earth
 Be crown'd with lasting Peace;
 And, of those Blessings Thou hast sown,
 Send forth a large Encrease.

7 Thus

- 7 Thus Thou, with Blessings, us shalt blest,
Thy Majesty declare ;
Whilst the astonish'd world, Great God !
Thy' Almightyness shall fear.
-

Bless

Another Metre.

- 1 **B**less (we beseech Thee) Lord,
The People who be Thine ;
And through their gloomy Nature let
Thy radiant Beauty shine.
- 2 That all the untaught world,
Where such thy Mercies flow,
May through the Brightness of thy Face,
Their great salvation know.
- 3 To Thee, let mankind, Lord,
Their holy Joys proclaim ;
And in exalted Hymns of Praise
Set forth thy glorious Name.
- 4 Let Nations, touch'd with Love,
Thy lasting Goodness sing ;
Who art their righteous Governor !
Their Lord ! their mighty King !
- 5 To Thee, let mankind, Lord,
Their holy Joys proclaim ;
And in exalted Hymns of Praise
Set forth thy glorious Name.
- 6 Then shall the teeming Earth
Be crown'd with lasting Peace ;
And of those Blessings Thou hast sown,
Send forth a large Increase.
- 7 Thus

7 Thus, Lord, Thou us shalt bless,
Thy Majesty declare,
Whilst the affluith'd World, Great God!
Thy' Almightyneſs ſhall fear.

1 Lo!

Another Metre.

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The People who be Thine ;
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Thy radiant Beauty shine.
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Where such thy Mercies flow,
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Thy Majesty declare,
Whilst the astonish'd World, Great God!
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-

1 Lo!

1 **L**O! O ye Judges of the Earth,
 Ye Pillars of the Land,
 God does with an inspecting Eye,
 Amidst your Councils stand!

2 Why, therefore dare ye in his Sight,
 Neglect what's just to do ;
 And only to the Rich, the Great,
 Your partial Favours shew ?

3 You in whose Hands the Scales are plac'd,
 On Seats of Justice sit ;
 Shou'd with unbiass'd Minds still act
 in the Defence of it.

5 But ah! where Gain and Inter'st meet,
 Are in the Ballance laid ;
 How are the Earth's Foundations shook !
 How light is Justice made !

6 'Tis true, I've said ye appear as Gods,
 But know, that ye shall all

7 Like Peasants, undistinguish'd, dye,
 Shall with the Sinful fall.

8 Rise then, Great Judge of Heav'n and Earth!
 And let thy Power be known ;
 That Thou may'st Mankind vindicate,
 Who are by right thy own.

1 Be

- 1 **T**hou hast, O God, our Refuge been,
Our wonted Place of Rest;
In whom we have Protection found,
By whom we have been blest.
- 2 For of eternal Date Thou wert
With Majesty array'd,
E're yet the Mountains were brought forth,
Or the round World was made.
- 3 Most just, o Lord, are thy Decrees,
And therefore lo! we must,
When Thou art pleas'd to speak the Word,
Return again to Dust.
- 4 For ah! what are a thousand Years,
When measur'd by thine Eye:
They all are but as Yesterday;
As swift as Thought they fly.
- 5 Thus, when by Thee we're scatter'd, Lord,
Ev'n like a Dream we pass;
- 6 Appearing in the Morning fresh,
At Noon like wither'd Grass.
- 7 This, Lord, is our uncertain State,
Through thy consuming Ire;
Who justly for our Sins are plagu'd,
And suddenly expire.
- 8 For

- 8 For to thy Sight, still Lord expos'd,
Our wickednesses lye;
And even our most secret Crimes,
As Day before thine Eye.
- 9 Wherefore, through thy Displeasure, Lord,
Our Life more short appears;
And as an empty Tale that's told,
Pass off our rolling Years.
- 10 To Seventy is our Age prescrib'd;
Yet here shou'd we below
To eighty Years through Strength arrive,
We then but Sorrows know.
- At most it is (O Lord) but short,
And in a Breath gone o're;
So soon like fading Plants we fall,
And then are seen no more.

Psalm XCV.

25

1. **O** Come, let's now unto the Lord,
In Songs our Voices raise;
For *He* our great Salvation is,
And best deserves our Praise.
- 2 Before his Presence with a Psalm,
And *Hearts* prepar'd, let's go;
That we in a triumphant Mirth,
Our Gratitude may shew.
- 3 For He, th'Almighty Lord, is God,
From whom all Beings spring;
Who is of Powers above, below,
The over-ruling King.
- 4 Whose Hand the spacious Globe contains,
Whose Sway no Limits knows;
- 5 By whose Decree the Earth stands fixt,
The Ocean ebbs and flows.
- 6 O come and let's before him fall,
Possess'd with holy Fear;
And that bright Majesty address,
By whom alone we are.
- 7 For He, th'Almighty Lord, is God,
Through whom we nothing need;
We are his Sheep, our Shepherd He,
By whom we safely feed.

E

8 If

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E

8 I

- 8 If therefore you his Voice will hear,
His lasting Love possess ;
Let not your Sins his Wrath provoke,
As in the Wilderness.
- 9 Where (by our Fathers Crimes enrag'd)
He did their Hopes destroy,
11 And in his Anger swear, that they
should ne're his Rest enjoy.
-

- 1 **B**E Joyful in the Lord, ye Lands,
and, that ye now your Love may shew ;
- 2 Let in his Presence from your Lips,
Your grateful Songs of Praises flow.
- 3 For know, that *He* the Lord, is God,
By whom, not by our selves, we're made ;
We are his People, and as Sheep
He gently does in Pastures lead.
- 4 O enter then into his Gates,
VVithin his Courts your Joys proclaim ;
Be ever thankful for his Love.
Extol his ever-sacred Name.
- 5 For gracious is the Lord, our God,
VVhose Mercies everlasting prove ;
VVho in th' eternal Circle reigns,
Of never-weaning Truth and Love.

Being the Fifth of the Penitential Ones.

- 1 **O** Lord unto my fervent Prayer
Thy ever-gracious Ear apply :
- 2 Nor from me now turn Thou thy Face,
VVhen in Distress to Thee I cry.
- 3 As smoke, behold ! my Days consume ;
My Bones are burnt ev'n as an Hearth ;
VVhich are, O God, the dire Effects,
The Marks of thy enkindl'd VVrath.
- 4 So raging are my Grievs become,
No Food my fainting Spirits cheers ;
VVhilst lo ! through want of such Support,
My Heart like wither'd Grass appears.
- 5 Behold, alas ! how to my Skin,
Do even cleave my aking Bones ;
And that by reason of my Complaints,
My never-ceasing Sighs and Groans.
- 6 For such is now my penfive State,
Such is, O Lord, my deep Distress ;
I'm as the Pelican become,
The Screech-Owl of the VVilderness.
- 7 Or as the Sparrow on the House,
I watch, and am alone all Day ;
- 8 VVhile they, who are against me set,
On me their vile Reproaches lay.

- 9 Of *Asbes* is my daily Food ;
With Tears I mingle still my Drink ;
- 10 VVhilst thus beneath thy *Anger*, Lord,
My weak and drooping Spirits sink.
- 11 Behold, ah ! how my fleeting Time,
Does as an empty Shadow pass ;
And even I, in nature, am
No better than the fading Grasse.
- 12 But Thou, o God, for ever shalt
In Mercy shine, and be the same ;
VVhilst *Ages* yet to come, shall praise,
Shall magnify thy glorious Name.
-

i For

- 1 **I**N Thee, O God, Almighty Love!
Is fixt my sole delight;
Who did'st not in my late Distress
My Supplications slight.
- 2 To whom, as my Deliverer,
I'll therefore not delay,
But, whilst I've yet to live, proceed
Still fervently to pray.
- 3 When Death my' affrighted Soul besieg'd,
And threaten'd nought but Hell;
'Twas Thee, O Lord, whom I then found
My Rock, my Citadel.
- 4 It was on Thee alone I call'd,
Who didst the Foe controul;
And from invading Miseries
Thus save my sinking Soul.
- 5 For, Lord! Thou ever art most just!
Most merciful! and kind!
And who to all a Refuge art,
VWho would a Refuge find.
- 6 VWho, to the Needy and Distress'd,
Art still a sure Relief;
For such I found Thee, o my God!
VWhen I was in my Grief.

- 12 What therefore in Return shall I
To my Redeemer make;
Who thus of my expiring Soul
Did so much Pitty take.
- 13 I'll Drink of that most Sacred Cup,
Wherein Salvation lies;
And in Return thereof give up
My Heart a Sacrifice.
- 14 In Presence of the People, I
My holy Vows will pay;
And to the Lord my Praises date,
From this most happy Day.
-

Being

Being the Sixth of the Penitential Ones.

- 1 **S**unk, Lord, beneath my Griefs, to Thee
I've now sent up my Cry ;
- 2 Look therefore down, and to my Plaints
Thy gracious Ear apply.
- 3 For ah ! should'st Thou of our past Life
Too strict Account demand,
Who can before Thee, Lord, appear !
Who can unpunish'd stand !
- 4 But lo ! in pardoning is, great God !
Thy Mercy still the same ;
That the repenting World from thence,
May learn to fear thy Name.
- 7 In whom let *Israel* therefore trust,
Whose Mercies do abound ;
- 8 Who frees us from the Guilt of Sin,
Who is our Ransom found.

- 1 **H**ow pleasant is it, Lord, to see
The *Brethren* live in **Unity** !
- 2 'Tis like that precious Ointment shed
On thy great Sacrificer's Head ;

- Which down the holy Robe distill'd,
And with rich Scents its Borders fill'd ;
- 3 Or like the kindly Dew which drops
On *Sion's* sacred Mountain-Tops :

Ev'n so, o Lord, doth here below,
On all the Saints, thy Blessings flow ;
Who, to resemble those above,
United are in Peace and Love.

Doxologie.

*Glory be to the Father, Son,
And Holy Ghost, the Great Three-One ;
Which ever was, is now, shall be
Ascrib'd to all Eternity.*

red V. 1

F

Behold

1 **B**Ehold ! now bless the Lord,
Ye who by Night resort,
And to your God Attendance pay
Within his holy Court.

2
Before the Throne of Grace,
Your Thanks aloud proclaim;
With grateful Hearts and Hands erect,
O praise God's holy Name.

3 Then shall th' eternal King,
His faithful People bless;
Sion shall even then be crown'd
With lasting Happiness.

1 When

1 **V**hen we, ah ! by *Euphrates* Streams,
Were as sad Captives sat,
Far distant from our Native Soile,
Bemoaning of our Fate.

It was for Thee, we (*Sion*) did
In Tears our Loves express ;
And all those dear Remembrances
Of thy past Happiness.

2 Whilst hanging on the neighbouring Trees,
Our silent Harps were laid ;
Which Sympathising with our Grievs,
No chearful Musick made.

3 'Twas here, O here, an *Hebrew* Song,
With an insulting Air,
They haughtily did then demand,
To whom we Prisoners were.

4 But how alas ! shall we our Harps
Tune now to Sorrows Strains ;
Or sing the Praises of our God,
Where a strange Monarch reigns.

5 Ah, no *Jerusalem* ! if e're
My Thoughts of Thee decay,
May on the warbling Harp, my hand
Forget her wonted Play.

- 6 Or may, O may my 'ungrateful Tongue
For ever silent be ;
Ev'n now, before my chiefeſt Mirth,
If I prefer not Thee.
- 7 Remember therefore thoſe, juſt Lord !
Who on th' Attaque were found,
Thus of *Jeruſalem* to ſay ;
O raſe it to the Ground !
- 8 For ſuch, curs'd *Babylon* ! behold,
Is thy approaching Fate ;
And unlamented Miſeries
Of thy declining State.
- 9 For ever bleſt the Viſtor be !
Who lays thy Feet in Chains ;
And in that day, 'gainſt thy proud Walls,
ſhall daſh thy Childrens Brains.

- 1 **L**ord, tis on Thee alone I call,
And on thy Mercy do rely ;
Reject not then my humble Suit,
When in my Wants to Thee I cry.
- 2 O let my Prayer before Thee come,
Like Smoke of Incense let it rise ;
That my prepar'd Devotions may
Be as an Evening Sacrifice.
- 3 Set Thou a Watch before my Mouth,
To keep thy Servant still in Fear ;
That nothing from my Lips may pass,
Which may offend thy Sacred Ear.
- 4 To wickedness O let not, Lord,
My weak unguarded Heart incline ;
Lest with th' Ungodly in their Ways,
I may unhappily combine.
- 5 But grant that I may rather be
Reprov'd by those who Friendly Love ;
For that unto my wounded Head
Will a balsamick Ointment prove.
- 10 And thus, whilst Sinners, Lord, the Fruit
Of their own Wickedness shall reap ;
Let me, through thy ne're-failing Love,
Their evil Machinations 'scape.

Being

Being the Seventh and last of the Penitential Ones.

- 1 **G**IVE Ear, o LORD, to the Complaints
Which I now make to Thee ;
And in thy everlasting Truth
Fail not to answer me.
- 2 Of my past Life, do Thou not, Lord,
Too strict Account demand ;
For sure I am, none justify'd,
Shall in thy Presence stand.
- 3 The Foe hath long my Soul pursu'd,
Ev'n such has been my Dread,
That in the Dark I've lain conceal'd,
As one that hath been dead.
- 4 So swelling are my Grievs become,
Which from my Fears arise,
My Heart grows desolate, my Soul
Immers'd in Sorrow lies.
- 5 But to my Comfort I, o LORD,
Thy Works recall to Mind ;
Nor are, my God ! those Days forgot
Wherein thou hast been kind.
- 6 For Thee doth, Lord, my gasping Soul
More languishingly wait,
Than thirsty Earth for Showers of Rain,
That's parch'd with Summer's Heat.

7 Hear then, good God, my humble Suit,
Thy Presence let me have;
Lest I become like those who lye
In the neglected Grave.

8 Betimes, o let my Soul, blest Lord !
Thy wonted Kindness meet ;
And in the way that I shou'd walk,
Guide Thou my erring Feet.

9 From those who are against me set,
And wou'd my Life surprize,
Do Thou thy Servant now protect
Who to thy Shelter flies.

10 O teach me, Thou that art my God,
Thy Sacred Laws t'obey ;
And to the Land of Righteousness
My Soul at length convey.

1 For

- 1 **F**OR ever, O eternal God!
I will thy Praises sing ;
- 2 Thou ! who our great Creator art,
The everlasting King !
- 3 For Thou most worthy art our Love,
O brightest Excellence !
Whose Power is beyond a Bound,
Whose Goodness is Immenſe.
- 4 One Age unto another ſtill,
Thy Works to ſing, proceeds ;
And to th' aſtoniſh'd World around,
Repeats thy mighty Deeds.
- 5 Wherefore, dread Lord ! I will prepare
Thy Glory to relate ;
And in exalted Hymns diſplay
Thy bright Maſtick State.
- 6 That they, who me ſucceed, may learn
Thy Greatneſs to expreſs ;
And be with Reverence inform'd,
Of thy Almightyneſs.
- 8 For all muſt freely now confeſs,
They have Thy Favours found ;
And where Thy Juſtice ſhou'd have reach'd,
Thy Love did moſt abound.
- 9 **W**hoſe

Psalm CXV.



9 Whose Providence from our Relief,
No other Cares confine ;
But still o're all thy Work alike,
Thy tender Mercies shine.

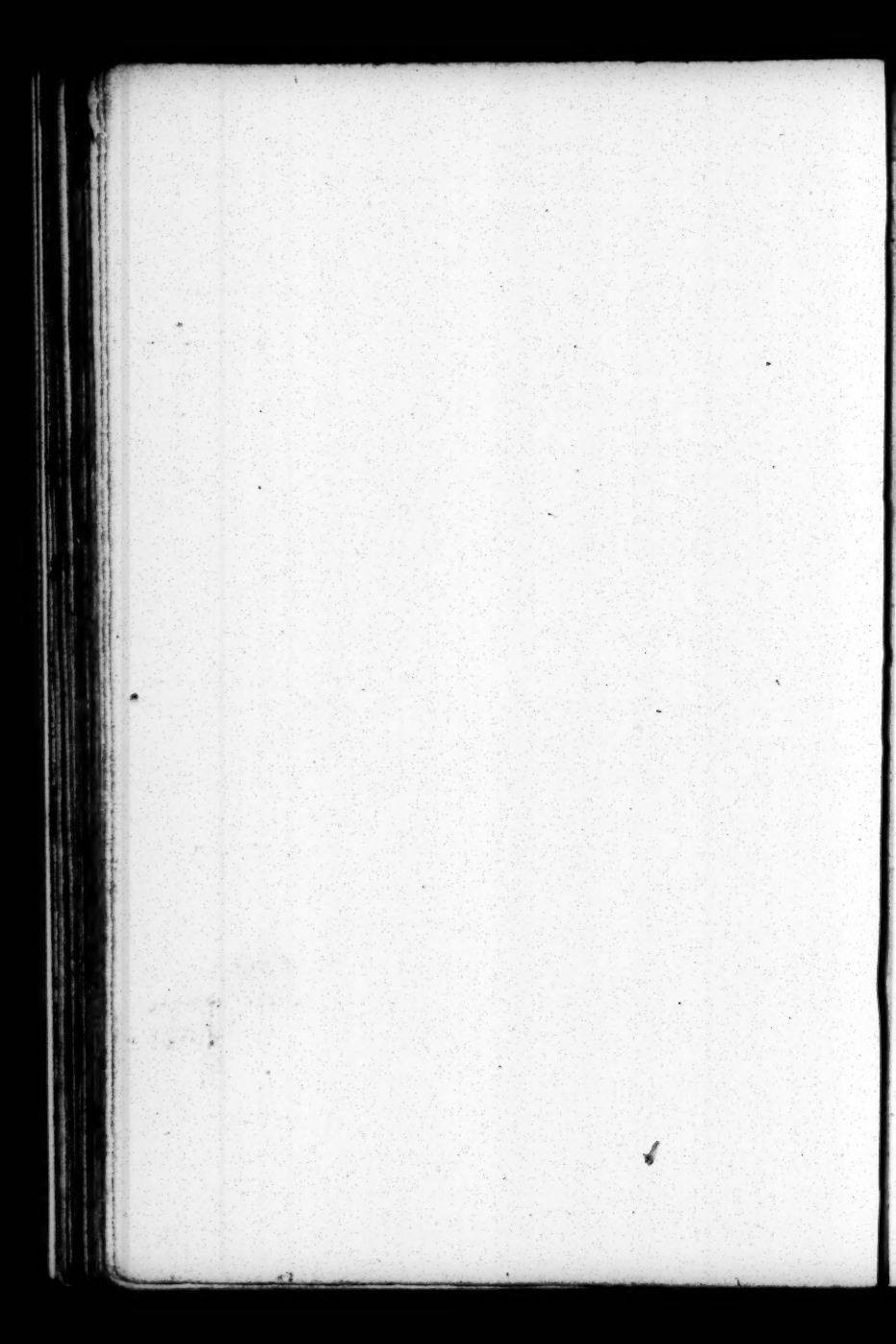
10 With whom in Comfort therefore, Lord,
We will our Thanks proclaim ;
And, as it best becomes thy Saints,
Extol thy sacred Name.

G

Within

- 1 **V**V Ithin his ever-sacred Courts,
Where his bright Honour's known
O let to God your Praises be
In *Hallelujahs* shown.
- 2 Transcendent in his glorious Deeds,
Let Instruments expresse
Those lofty Joys, which best may Suit
With his Almightyness.
- 3 Aloud, in stately Levets, let
The Trumpet sound his Praise;
And the soft Strains o'th warbling Lute
Your best Affections raise.
- 4 Let Violins and Organs both,
His Holiness advance;
O praise him on the high-ton'd Pipes,
O praise him in the Dance.
- 5 From loud and well-tun'd Cymbals let
Your Solemn Thanks resound;
That your Devotions still may be
With choicest Musick crown'd.
- 6 Let every Thing with Breath inspir'd,
Their mighty Lord proclaim;
Let Heav'n and Earth in Consort join,
To Praise His Holy Name.

A
D I V I N E
Pindarique O D E,
O N
The Redemption of Man.
F I T T E D
To the Holy Times
O F
ADVENT and LENT.



O D E.

O N

The Redemption of Man.

I.

A Wake! awake! o my *Letbargick Soul!*
 And off, *Sin's* weighty Fetters, shake;
 Let not the *Tyrant* thus control,
 And thee its Slave, its boasted Captive make;
 But rise, and here o let thy unvail'd Eye
 Survey anew thy glorious Liberty.

Lo! where the long expected *Day* appears,
 And the bright *Sun* its western Journey steers,
 The *Day!* which now of lasting Peace the joyful
Tydings bears!

Hail sacred *Morn!* and Thou more sacred *Light!*
 VWho thus with evangelick *Rays*
 Inform'st our darken'd Sight,
 Inform'st our erring VVays.

Long

Long in *Egyptian Darknes* have we lain,
 (Like those unhappy and benighted *Souls*,
 VVho wand'ring live beneath the *Shady Poles*)
 Not knowing how, alas! or where,
 (VVhilst nought, but *Nature's Twilight* did re-
 main,
 VVhich gave but a dim *Prospect* of our future
 State)
 In this wild *Maze* our doubtful course to steer,
 Or counter-trace the strict Decree of *Fate*.

II.

B Ut, *Happy Soul!* no more shall dread *De-*
spair,
 Nor all the *Powers* of *Hell*, or *Darkness* there,
 O're-spread the *Brightness* of thy *Hemisphere*,
 Since from on high the *Day-spring* now de-
 scends,
 And on this lower VVorld *it's* Glory bends ;
 Since the great *Will* of the *Jehovah's* known
 By the stupendious Message of his *Son*,
 And all those blest Effects which did depend
 thereon.
 Death even now, by an eternal *Doom*,
 Is but the *Effigies* of *Sleep* become ;
Humanity's last chearful *Stage* from *this*,
 To that bright *World* of never-fading *Bliss* ;
 Where

VWhere with our *Souls*, our *Bodies* are to be,
 From all their gross *Impuritie*,
 Resin'd into a glorious *Immortalitie* :

O blest *Inversion* of our wretched *State*,
 And all those miserable *Consequences* which on
 it did wait !

III.

Come then, *my Soul*, and be no longer mute,
 But rise, and take thy well-strung *Lute*,
 Set to thy *Heart*,

VWith nicest *Ear*, and strictest *Art* ;
 And with the *Lark*, thy morning *Hymns* pre-
 pare,

VWho now begins to mount the *Air*,
 To chant her early *Matins* there.

O come, and with her bear a *Part* ;

Raise up the *Strings*, raise up thy *Heart*,
 And to the sacred undivided *Three*

Make thou thy due *Return* of *Praise*
 In hallow'd *Lays*.

Let *Father*, *Son*, and *Holy Spirit* be

The divine *Gam'ut* of thy *Harmonie*.

In those three ever-sacred *Notes*, o let

Thy grateful *Ayres* still move, thy *Hymns* be set,
 Until at length in that bright *Quire* above
 (Where reigns eternal *Musick*, endless *Love*)

They

They shall b' inspir'd beyond all studious Pains,
 With far more lasting, more seraphick strains.

IV.

SHall every *Creature*, every living *Thing*,
 Prepare to celebrate th'approaching *Spring*,
 And to their great *Creator* their due Praises bring;
 Shall the sweet *Birds* together now repair,
 And with their rural *Anthems* fill the Air,
 To welcome in the new-born Year;
 Shall even *Nature* from *Earth's* naked Bed,
 Wherein she seem'd so long to have lain dead,
 Unfold anew her *Treasures*, and arise
 With all her pompous *Train* of *Liveries*,
 To pay her God her annual *Sacrifice*.

Shall every *Creature* thus, ah! thus put on
 A cheerful Look to meet th'advancing *Sun*;
 And shalt not thou, my *Soul*, my better *Part*,
 From curs'd *Estate* redeem'd, with thankful
Heart,

Join in the grateful *Consort*, and present
 Thy consecrated *Instrument*;
 That *Instrument*, which lay so long untun'd, and
 out of date,
 As if it had bemoan'd thy unrevers'd Fate.
 For shame, for shame, strike the prepared *String*,
 Till 'tis in tune with *Nature* found,

Till

Till with thy *Praises* thou hast made it sound,
And be not Thou the only silent thing.

V.

Glory be therefore to the great *Three-One*
The *Eather*, *Holy Spirit*, and the *Son*,
Who sit with equal Power on th'eternal *Throne*.

Glory and *Praise* be ever to the *Lamb* ;
Heaven's mighty *Darling*, and the *Soul's* *Desire* ;
Th'incessant *Song* of the *Seraphick Quire* :

Who, from the *Bosome* of his *Father*, came,
Did from his Majesty awhile retire,
That he might here to wretched *Mankind* prove
Those long expected *Blessings* of his *Love* :

Who was e're yet the *World's* vast *Frame*
was laid,

Who for *Time's* *Fulness* only stay'd,
E're the' important *Embassy* he made.

O may I thus for ever be

(*Mysterious undivided Three* !)

Employ'd in praising, in admiring *Thee*.

May all things both in *Heaven* and *Earth*,

Which now have either *Life* or *Breath* ;

Which either on the *Ground* do creep,

Or in the *seas*, or *Waters* keep ;

Which either in the *Air* do fly,

Or in the higher *Regions* ly ;

H

Which

Which in the *heavenly Quire* are plac'd,
 And with thy glorious *Presence* grac'd;
 For ever here *below*, and there *above*,
 In *holy* and *exalted* Mirth,
 Set forth thy universal *Love*,
 Till the whole *Round* of *Heaven* and *Earth*,
 By their according *Notes*, shall ring
 With the loud Praises of th' *eternal King*.

VI.

O The stupendious *State* of restor'd *Man* !
 Which stinted *Reason* cannot scan ;
 Nor all the Power of vain *Philosophy* define,
 What is so far beyond the Reach of it's short *Sound-*
ing-Line !

What could have so engag'd the *Deity*,
 (O wondrous *Riddle* of *Divinity* !)

Thus to contract *Immensity* ?
 And in our narrow *Nature*, to descend
 At once a *God* offended, and a *Friend*,
 Stript of his brightest *Glories* from above,
 Where in full Lustre *He* enthron'd had sat,
 Th' all-wise *Dictator* of th' *Immortal* *State*;
Heaven's mighty *Monarch* of eternal *Date* !
 And by a new grand *Charter* in his *Blood*,
 To make us, of his *Kingdom*, free,
 (Which we in *Sin* so long before with-stood)

And

And give us there again a *Property*,
But the soft *Dictates* of *Paternal Love*?

VII.

'Twas *Thou* alone, the sweetning *Attribute* !
To whom we daily make our humble suit
Thou, who to every *Creature* do'st dispense
Thy free and gentle *Influence* ;
'Twas *Thou* that did'st perform what was so long
fore-told,
In misty *Prophecies* of old ;
And did'st, by thy prevailing *Power*,
Lapst *Man* again to *Liberty* restore,
And all he lost by *Eden's Sin* before.
Thou, matchless *Love* ! wert the magnetick
Spell,
Which wrought th' amazing *Miracle*,
And thus defeated the *Designs* of *Hell*.
Nought cou'd divert thy penetrating *Force*,
Or stop the *Stream* of thy unbounded *Course*.
For ah ! offended *Love* !
When from above
My *naked Sins* did for thy *Vengeance* call,
At my presumptuous disobedient *Fall*;
Even when *Justice* had unsheath'd her *Sword*,
And waited only for the fatal *Word*,

Tw^{as} then that *Thou*, thy *Mighty Self* to shew,
Didst step between, and on thy *Side* receive the
direful *Blow*.

VIII.

L O! to yon sacred *Hill* direct thine *Eye*,
The *Theatre* of *Wo*, *Mount Calvary* ;
Where *Death* in all her pompous Horror sits,
And issues out her fatal Writs ;
VVhere *She* her utmost Empire does display,
And tho' for ever vanquish'd, wins the *Day* :
There, o my *Soul*, thou may'st at large descry
In *Scenes* of *Blood* the Holy *Tragedy*.

Lo! where a gathering Stormy *Mob* appears,
And by their boist'rous Cries untune the *Spheres*
Nought through the *Throng* is heard, but
Crucify ;

And tis concluded the great *Son* of *God* must dye;
Not t' atone their Sins, but satisfy their *Lust*,
-the *Bent* of their remorseless Cruelty :

VVhilst *He* alas ! continues still t' appear
All Love, and while *They* now his ling'ring Death
prepare,

The giddy *Deed* forgives——

And to his enrag'd *Fathers* Ear
Breaths forth their *Pardon* with his dying *Prayers*:

VVhilst

VVhilst the astonish'd *Sun* with-draws *its*
 Light,
 And *Nature* sickens at the dreadful Sight.

IX.

SInce then the Christian *Harvest* is so near,
 And *Grace* and *Mercy* do so ripe appear,
 Be active, o my *Soul*! in this thy *Day*;
 Bind up thy *Sheaves*, and come away,
 And on the holy *Altar* lay
 The *Offering* of thy *First-Fruits*,
 VVhich with thy happy *Circumstances* Suits;
 For look, whereon already lyes,
 To turn 't into an acceptable *Sacrifice*,
 God's all enflaming *Love*,
 Descending from above,
 VVhere with the nimble *Sparks* thy ravish'd
 Thoughts may fly
 To that blest *Place* beyond the *Sky*,
 (VVhere heretofore in bright *Celestial Fire*
 The holy *Prophet* did from hence retire)
 And there for ever reap thy *Joy*, thy long *Desire*.

X.

But hold——
 Thy officious haste thou may'st, my *Soul*! forbear;
 Nor thy *Oblations* now prepare,
 Those

Twas then that *Thou*, thy *Mighty Self* to shew,
 Didst step between, and on thy *Side* receive the
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 Bind up thy *Sheaves*, and come away,
 And on the holy *Altar* lay
 The *Offering* of thy *First-Fruits*,
 VVhich with thy happy *Circumstances* Suits;
 For look, whereon already lyes,
 To turn't into an acceptable *Sacrifice*,
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 To that blest *Place* beyond the *Sky*,
 (VVhere heretofore in bright *Celestial Fire*
 The holy *Prophet* did from hence retire)
 And there for ever reap thy *Joy*, thy long *Desire*.

X.

But hold——
 Thy officious haste thou may'st, my *Soul*! forbear;
 Nor thy *Oblations* now prepare,
 Those

Those empty *Types* of what's already here.
 For on the gory *Altar* lo! where lies,
 The *God* of *Love*, whose self a bleeding dies,
 And for thy *Sins* becomes both *Priest* and *Sacrifice*.

O dreadful, but yet happy Sight!
 From whence alone the feeble *Soul* takes Flight,
 Mounts on the Wings of *Faith* and soars aright.

Thither, with Joy, come then prepare to fly,
 (My panting *Soul*!)
 And in those warm ballamick *Streams* which
 glide.

So freely there from his deep wounded *Side*,
 Go bathe thy long contracted *Leprosy*;
 That *Leprosy* alas! of thy old *Sin* and *Shame*,
 VVhich from the Surfit of thy Parents came.

Thither, I say, o thither fly with speed,
 Where the *Soul's* bless'd *Bethesda* stands indeed!
 That sacred *Pool*, from whose eternal Source,
 All healing Virtues have their proper Course;
 VVhere Purp'e *Streams* make glad the barren
 Soile

VVith an Encrease beyond the Laborer's Toile;
 VVhere *Tides* of *Blessings* do for ever flow,
 And 'round whose *Borders* *Peace* and *Pleasure*
 grow;

VVhere all, who are diseas'd, may freely come,
 And without *Price* or *Trouble* now have Room;
 Where, once the *Heart* is stir'd by *Faith* & *Love*,
 There needs no waiting 'till it's *Waters* move;
 But

O D E.

11

But where the *Halt* th' *Infect*ed and the *Blind*,
And all that enter with a willing Mind,
Their everlasting *Cures* may surely find.



FINIS.



Presented to

The Library,

Trinity College,

Dublin,

Miss Kirkpatrick

From the library of the late
Dr. T. P. C. Kirkpatrick

December, 1954